Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORRISON SWETT MARDEN

"SHE WUZ ALLUS KINE TO EV'RYBUDDIE."

IN a modest family burying ground in Kentucky, on a rough stone, is this inscription: "Jane Lalor: Died August, 1849. She wuz allus kine to ev'rybuddie."

Could anyone have a better epitaph?

One of the greatest helps to happiness, to the progress of all mankind, is the habit of kindness, of the thoughtfulness for others, of saying kind things to others and about them. There is a blighting, killing influence in an unappreciative atmosphere.

If you would be popular and attract people to you you must cultivate a broad generosity, a feeling of good cheer and good will towards everybody, and you must feel a real and not a feigned interest in others' welfare.

How many good things the spirit of good will brings to us, and how many unpleasant things it keeps away from us!

If you form the habit of saying kindly things about others and looking for the best in them, your mind will become related, through the law of attraction, to all kindly people and to all good everywhere.

If we persist in this habit it will drive out all petty little jealousies, all moroseness and gloom, envy and selfishness, everything that would seriously mar our lives.

No efforts we may ever make can bring such splendid returns as the endeavor to scatter flowers as we go along, to plant roses instead of thorns; no investment will pay such fat dividends as the firm effort put into kind words and kindly acts, the effort to radiate a kindly spirit toward every living creature.

If we cultivate a sunny, cheerful exterior and a kindly smile, a cordial manner towards everybody, we make acquaintances and friendships easily.

I know a woman in New York who is a dwarf and a cripple, but who has such a sweet, open, beautiful nature that everybody loves her. She is welcome everywhere, because she loves everybody and feels interested in everyone. She is poor, but she enters into other lives with a heartiness and unselfish abandonment and an enthusiasm that ought to shame those of us who are physically normal and in a better condition.

The people who envy her popularity, her sunny nature, do not realize that their love of gossip and their disposition to pick flaws with others, to see their weakness, their unfortunate or ugly side, are really exhibiting a very unlovely side of themselves, and that this is the reason why they are so very unpopular.

Practice open-mindedness, holding a charitable, magnanimous, liberal attitude of mind toward everybody and everything, and you will be surprised to see how it will enlarge and enrich your nature. There is nothing else that will make you so popular as this. Everybody loves the open-minded, large-hearted, magnanimous character, just as he naturally despises the small, narrow, stingy, mean soul who sees everything through his selfish glasses.

Selfishness is one of the most despicable qualities of human nature and is universally hated. The subtle, mysterious something which we call magnetism, and which we cannot describe, that something which everybody feels, is due more to the one quality of unselfishness and a large generosity than to anything else. People may admire you for your talents, but they will not love you if you are always thinking of and working for yourself.

So, if you would get on in the higher sense, you must get rid of this great enemy of your advance. You must take an unselfish, kindly interest in others. Remember that whatever you send out of your nature will be reflected back to you.

ENJOYING WHAT OTHERS WIN.

IN his "Citizen of the World" Goldsmith describes a mandarin who appeared in a blaze of diamonds, and who was very ostentatiously thanked by a person in the crowd. "What does the man mean?" the mandarin exclaimed. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the stranger, "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an enjoyment I do not desire."

The habit of feeling rich because you have developed the faculty of extracting wealth from everything you touch is riches, indeed. Why should we not feel rich in all that our eyes can carry away, no matter if others happen to have the title deed? Why should I not enjoy the beautiful gardens of the wealthy and their grounds, just as if I owned them? As I pass by I can make my own the wealth of color. The beauty of plants and lawn and flowers and trees are all mine. The title deed of another does not cut off my esthetic ownership. The best part of the farm, the landscape, the beauty of the brook and the meadow, the slope of the valley, the song of the birds, the sunsets, cannot be shut up within the title deed; they belong to the eye that can carry them away, the mind that can appreciate them.

This ability to gather enjoyment from all sorts of sources is a divine gift. It broadens the life, deepens the experience and enriches the whole nature. It is a great force in self-culture.

The secret of happiness is in a cheerful, contented mind. "He is poor who is dissatisfied; he is rich who is contented with what he has," and can enjoy what others own.

Some people are so mean and stingy, so uncharitable and narrow, so bigoted and suspicious, that they never open their natures wide enough to take in the riches all about them, the beauty with which they come in contact. They are so jealous and envious and small, that they are afraid to throw open the doors of their hearts. The result is, their lives are pinched and starved. A person must be magnanimous and large-hearted, to be able to absorb the wealth and beauty that are worth while.

I know a poor man who really enjoyed more than any rich man I know of, simply because early in life he learned to enjoy things without owning them to such an extent that he never seemed to have the slightest envy or jealousy in connection with the property of others, but rather showed gratitude to those who owned them. He was such a sweet soul that all doors were open to him, because he radiated sunshine and good cheer.

It does not matter how poor or how unfortunate you are, you can enjoy, without the trouble of owning or caring for them, millions and millions of dollars' worth of works of art, and things of rarest beauty, almost as well as though they were your own. Think what it costs to maintain our great city parks, with all their wonders of beauty and comfort, the palatial public buildings, the fine residences, beautiful private grounds and gardens and objects of beauty everywhere which you can enjoy without money—and yet you may say you own nothing. He has missed the finest lesson of experience who has not learned how to enjoy without owning.

CUT OUT THE EXCITEMENT

Good Advice Offered by a Cubist Poet to Those Who Are Worried by the Wartime Prices.

Let the uhlans go uhl, hussars can go huzz—myself, I am glad that the well-known Atlantic piles dampness between in the way that it does. I perceive, with chagrin, I'm no longer romantic; my welcome to war is not overly frantic. In my youth I loved Caesar or any earth skinner by death furies followed, red clawed, corybantic. But I turn from 'em now to thoughts of my dinner.

As the late Deacon Job, who inhabited Uz, was wont to remark, with a curse sibilantic: "Don't hunt for your troubles—they'll come to you, coz!"

I perceive, with chagrin, I'm no longer romantic.

My bump of combativeness ain't elephantic.

In youth I was dotty about the world-winner—Alexander, Napoleon—some butcher gigantic.

But I turn from 'em now to thoughts of my dinner.

My feeling for fighting is not what it was.

Let 'em dance their war ballets, insane-coryphantic—let the Zeppelins zepp and the buzzoplane buzz—I perceive, with chagrin, I'm no longer romantic; I'm more philosophical, slightly pedantic.

When I was much younger, more lyric and thinner, 'twould have thrilled me, this picturesque, bloody big antic; but I turn from 'em now to thoughts of my dinner.

For though I'm not gluttonous, gross nor bacchantic, I perceive, with chagrin, I'm no longer romantic.

Czar, kaiser—in youth I admired a big sinner! But I turn from 'em now to thoughts of my dinner.—New York Evening Sun.

Monster of the Deep.

That there are monsters in the sea has been proved by the shooting the other day near Malta of a creature of gigantic proportions and 3,000 pounds in weight. It proved to be a cachalot, or sperm whale, the male of which sometimes attains a length of seventy feet. The existence of the sea serpent, therefore, has still to be proved.

She Asks Too Much.

When a woman goes away to spend Sunday, if she would give her husband directions concerning the fourteen or fifteen most important things that ought to be done around the house in her absence, instead of concerning the whole fifty-seven, he would stand more chance of remembering at least some of 'em.—Houston Post.

What He Did.

"After earning a certain amount," propounded Mr. Birchrod, the teacher, "I spent two-thirds of it and lost five-sixths of the balance, winding up with $3. What did I have?" "About eight drinks, I judge," answered the boy at the foot of the class.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Its Strong Appeal.

"There's one thing 'bout jail," said the ex-convict, "that makes a mighty strong appeal to most of us."

"What's that?"

"You don't get no music with your meals."

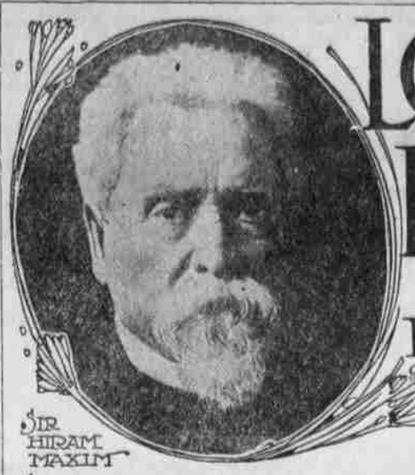
"Leave Her Lay."

Sylvia Pankhurst kicked her heels together at Limehouse and shrieked: "I will lie on the steps of the House of Commons without food or water until Asquith consents to receive a deputation."

This reminds us of an incident at the North station some years ago. Father, mother, and child were running for a local train. The parents gained the platform of the rear car as the train started. Mother cried: "Oh, father, little Johnny has fell down!" To which the father answered sternly: "Leave him lay;"—Philip Hale in Boston Herald.

Final Result Not Known.

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" cried the young lady, as she greeted her caller. "So you have been making friends with Fido! And do you think he likes you?" "Well," said Mr. Smith, grimly, "I don't believe he's quite decided yet—he's only had one bite of me, and he seems to want another."—Ladies' Home Journal.



SIR HIRAM MAXIM

LONGER EARS FOR SHIPS

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

AS A RESULT of the Titanic disaster, Sir Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun, has evolved a plan for giving ships a "sixth sense" that will enable them to avoid icebergs in a fog by the same means by which a bat finds its way about in the dark. For a year or more he has been working on a device which he claims will enable a vessel to detect a floating object several miles away, to estimate its size, shape and distance, and to recognize the character of a neighboring shore, so that a harbor, for instance, may be safely entered in a fog. All this is to be done simply by receiving and recording the echoes sent back by the objects to be detected; but the sound that produces the echoes is not high enough in pitch to be audible. Its vibrations are powerful and slow and are given out by a huge siren at the ship's bows. The echoes are received and recorded by apparatus that serve as ears and hich are able to give us much more information than a real ear could do.

This latest collision preventer is another adaptation of a phenomenon in the natural world. Sir Hiram Maxim has taken his cue from the bat, which he was reminded is enabled to tell the distance of objects by the beat of its wings.

In bats the sense organs are highly developed. When a bat flies about in total darkness the beat of its wings sends out a series of pulsations, or waves. These waves strike against all surrounding objects and are reflected back and received by the sensitive organs which form part of the face of the bat. The extremely delicate nature of the bat's wings, together with the sensitiveness of its sixth sense contained in its delicate face nerves, enables the bat to judge the distance of any object by the lapse of time between the sending out and the receiving of the waves. It is this exceptional mechanism, and not any faculty of seeing in the dark, which enables the bat to fly unerringly without the least light to guide it. This was proved a hundred years ago by the Abbe Spallanzani, who made experiments by blotting out the eyes of bats with red hot irons and found that they got along just as well without eyes as with them. Other experiments, without cruelty, may be made to show the same thing.

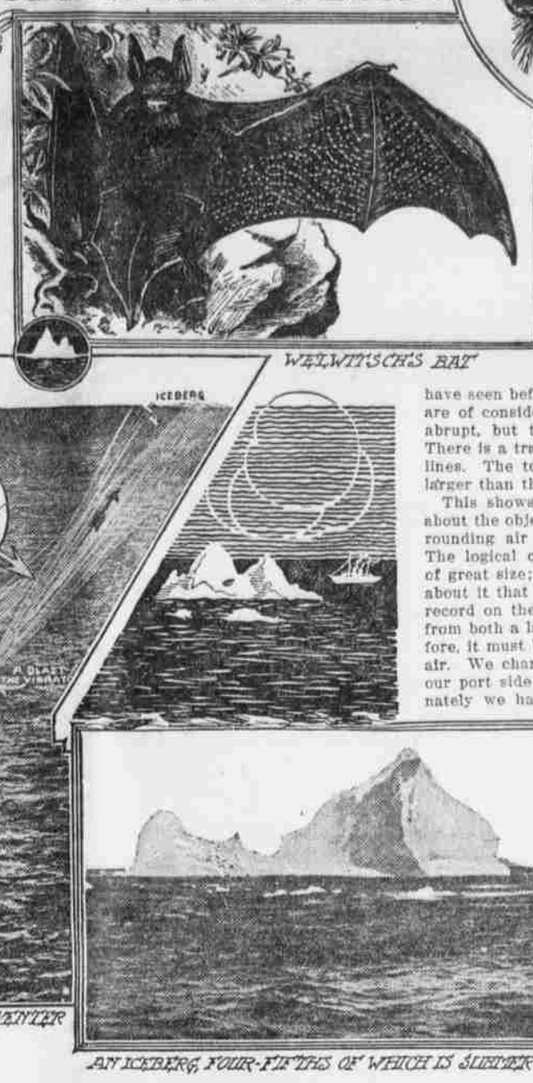
We all know that if we capture a wild bird and liberate it in a large room with closed windows, it makes a wild and furious rush for what its senses tell it is an opening through which it can escape. Its eyes do not reveal the presence of the glass, and the result is a broken neck. A bat liberated under similar circumstances makes the same dash for freedom. The flapping of its wings, however, brings its sixth sense into action and it soon perceives that it is face to face with a solid wall and stops short before it touches the glass.

Sir Hiram proposes to apply this sixth sense to sea-going vessels. His apparatus will produce atmospheric vibrations of about the same frequency as those produced by the bat, but of energy at least three hundred thousand times as great. These will not be audible, but they will travel at least twenty miles, so that they could be received and recorded by a suitable apparatus at that distance, and would be able to travel at least five miles and return back to the ship a reflected echo that would be strong enough to be detected.

In describing his invention, Sir Hiram states that it might be considered an artificial ear. The apparatus is provided with a large diaphragm tightly drawn over a drum-shaped cylinder, and so arranged that the atmospheric pressure is always the same on both sides, quite irrespective of any air blast. It is therefore always able to vibrate freely in response to the waves of the echo, and its vibrations are made to open and close certain electrical circuits which ring a series of bells of various sizes. If, for example, the object is very small or at a very great distance from the ship, a very small bell rings, while a large object at a distance of two miles would ring a larger bell, and a very large object a still larger bell. The apparatus gives an audible notice if anything is ahead of the ship.

Another apparatus, similar to the first, is provided, but instead of ringing a bell it produces a diagram of the disturbances in the air—that is, when there is no noise except that due to the action of the ship or the sea waves, a wavy line is produced on paper, but whenever the vibrations sent out by the vibrator strike an object and return, the wavy line on the paper becomes very much increased in amplitude, so as to be easily observed, and the distance that the object is from the ship can be measured by the length of the paper strip between the giving off of the vibrations and the receiving of the echo. In this way the distance of the object can be determined with a considerable degree of accuracy, and the size of the object may be determined by the amplitude of the waves that return.

The apparatus for producing the atmospheric vibrations should be placed well forward on the main deck or in any other position where it can be turned from port to starboard. Of course, there would be no use for the apparatus except in dark, stormy or foggy weather unless it was to be used in communicating with other ships.



THE COLLISION-PREVENTER IN ACTION

AN ICEBERG, FOUR-FIFTHS OF WHICH IS SUBMERGED

If the sea were perfectly clear the blasts sent out would be recorded at the very instant of their production, but no echo would be produced. But if there should happen to be an object of any considerable size at a distance no greater than two or three miles the zigzag line on the paper would be changed, the amplitude of the waves would be greater and would be very noticeable.

To make sure, the blasts could be repeated several times; and then if the result was always the same, it would indicate the presence of some object, and the length of paper between the primary blast and the echo would indicate the distance that the object was from the ship. It might be so arranged that one inch of paper represented a mile.

To many it will appear difficult to reveal not only the presence of objects at sea, but also their size, distance and character, by simply sending out vibrations and receiving echoes. Sir Hiram assures us, however, that such an echo properly received and recorded will not only indicate size and shape with a fair degree of accuracy, but direction and distance with great accuracy. It will distinguish a ship from an iceberg, will show whether the object is stationary or moving, and, if moving, the direction and velocity of such movement.

Let us embark, in imagination, on a ship equipped with Sir Hiram's invention. We are well out at sea, our ship making 20 miles an hour, and we find, upon sending out several blasts, that the echo reaches us in 20 seconds. We infer that, as it took ten seconds for our vibrations to reach the object and another ten seconds for the reflected vibrations to return, the distance is slightly over two miles. One minute later we send out another blast, but the result is no stronger than before, so we change the direction of the blast and find that the greatest effect is produced when the blast is sent out dead ahead; also, that the distance between the object and our ship is being reduced at the rate of 35 miles an hour. Inasmuch as our ship is making only 20 miles an hour, it is evident that the unknown object is a ship making 15 miles an hour and traveling toward us slightly to our starboard.

Our next blast shows us that the ship is only a mile distant, and very much to the starboard. We follow her direction and when she is in a position to present her broadside to us, we find on sending out a blast that the echo is very strong, the bells at the receiver ring violently and the recorder makes a large and distinct marking on the paper strip. The weather has been so thick that we have not seen the ship, but we have a fair idea of her; we know her speed and the direction in which she is sailing. Later on, we receive a series of records from each blast, showing that there are several small objects in our vicinity, probably fishing boats. We are able to locate them and measure their distance, and if any of them are dead ahead of us, we change our direction so as to give them a wide berth.

Subsequently we have a new experience. We send out a blast and receive back an echo showing that there is an exceptionally large object very nearly dead ahead of us. We know it is large, because the distance indicated is ten miles and the record quite distinct. By sending out repeated blasts we find that the distance between us and the object diminishes about one-third of a mile in a minute. This, of course, is due to our own speed and indicates that the object is stationary.

When we are two miles apart the reflection of our blasts rings the bells and the indicator shows a different record from what we have seen before. The markings on the paper strip are of considerable size and commence sharp and abrupt, but the ending is not sharp or distinct. There is a trailing out of spots made by the zigzag lines. The total length of the echo is thus made larger than that produced by the primary blast.

This shows that there is some kind of a cloud about the object of a different density from the surrounding air and that it is of considerable size. The logical conclusions drawn are: the object is of great size; it is stationary and it has something about it that modifies the echo. Consequently the record on the paper strip resembles that obtained from both a large, solid object and a cloud. Therefore, it must be a large iceberg surrounded by cold air. We change our direction so as to pass it on our port side at a distance of half a mile. Fortunately we have barely passed when the fog lifts and discloses an enormous iceberg surrounded by smaller pieces that have broken off.

Returning to realities, Sir Hiram states that while the apparatus will work exactly as described with the devices already designed, he is not going to rest at this point. He says that he will shortly produce a recording instrument with a selective power that will not receive any vibrations except those due to the echo of the blast sent out. This will eliminate all noises due to the ship and the sea, and produce a very clean record.

HEAD OF BLAINVILLE'S BAT

WELWITSCH'S BAT

QUEER SPRIGS OF GENTILITY

Prince Alexander of Servia is not, as many suppose, King Peter's eldest son. The latter is Prince George, and was known as the crown prince until his wild escapades compelled even the indulgent King Peter to deprive him of all rights to succession, and banish him to an inaccessible part of the kingdom. His doings both before and since would fill a book. A French tutor, returned to Paris after two months at the Konak, tells many queer tales of his pupil's deeds. One morning they were busy at a Latin lesson when a mouse ran across the room. Quick as a flash Prince George had it by the tail. The next instant he was dashing off with it to the sentinel at the palace gate, and, holding it up to the frightened man's face, insisted on his biting off its head. Upon the other's refusal he threatened violence, and would certainly have proved as good as his word had not the king arrived in the courtyard at that moment from his morning ride.

Not that King Peter ever had much authority over his eldest son. Servian statesmen have never forgotten the painful scene between father and son at which they were once obliged to assist. At a special meeting of the cabinet the then crown prince entered uninvited. King Peter promptly requested him to withdraw. Taking a seat, his highness refused, saying: "I am the future king and have a right to be here. I must know what happens and so shall take part in the council." Once more King Peter ordered him away, but the other as stoutly refused, and a heated altercation ensued, during which the ministers melted away, leaving the king and his hot-headed son to settle their difference alone. On another occasion the prince was present at a birthday dinner given in honor of the czar at the Russian ministry. After toasts had been proposed to Emperor Nicholas and King Peter, Crown Prince George arose and drank to the union of Bosnia, Herzegovina and Servia. The icy welcome that greeted these words was such that his highness had immediately to leave the banquet.

This and other escapades caused such a revolution of public opinion that Prince George was finally compelled to renounce his rights of succession in favor of his younger brother, and certainly the country has benefited by the change. Prince Alexander is a decidedly different type from the other. A little tot of three when his mother died, he and his baby sister, today the wife of Grand Duke John Constantinovitch of Russia, were at once taken off to St. Petersburg to be brought up by their aunt, Grand Duchess Peter. There he received a sound education and was for a time one of the czarina's pages. He would probably have entered the Russian army had not the dreadful events of 1903 completely changed his plans. As soon as King Peter was settled on the throne his three children were summoned to Belgrade. At the palace, however, he continued his studies. Two officers were engaged to give him private lessons on law and military science. Servian, Russian and French he speaks perfectly, and lately he was working hard to brush up his German. Though the crown prince's apartments at the palace are very plainly furnished, there is a wealth of bookcases. He is a great reader, and is familiar with the principal literary works of four countries.

SEES THE WORLD IN WANT

English Scientist Asserts That Starvation Is Perilously Close to the Human Race.

Sir William Crooke, the eminent English scientist, says we will starve to death, not in 1,000,000 years, but 26 years from now, in 1940. In support of this astonishing statement he advances many facts and figures, which are corroborated by some of our most notable American scientists.

Crooke says in substance that the territory in the world available for profitable cultivation is, with insignificant exceptions, already occupied and that the increase in the production of cereals is not keeping pace with the increase in population.

It was in 1898 that Sir William Crooke sounded the first note of alarm as to the possibility of nourishing the prospective millions of America and Europe in the coming years. He based his calculations chiefly on the limited area of land suitable for profitable cultivation of the various cereals.

When this prediction first was made the United States was exporting annually many millions worth of foodstuffs and little attention was paid to the eminent Englishman's words of caution. Today, however, with the exportation of foodstuffs from the United States almost nil and the fact apparent to all that unless some radical changes in farming methods are made immediately the production of cereals in this country will decrease while the population increases. Crooke's prophetic prediction looms on the horizon of the country with startling distinctness. He estimated that the bread eaters in the world in 1898 numbered 516,000,000 and that they were increasing at the rate of 6,000,000 annually. Taking the maximum number of acres possible in the world for the growth of wheat, the per capita consumption, the average yield per acre of wheat, and the probable increase in the population, he figured that the world would go hungry before 1940.

HOME TOWN HELPS

HARD TO MAKE OVER CITY

Experiences of Centuries Old Towns Should Be Lesson to the Builders of Today.

The most hurried traveler along the tourist routes of Europe allows himself time to note with a smile that the "gates" which were once the veritable entrance through the walls into the city are now in the very heart of the city's bustling life.

Who does not know "Lud Gate" in London, now Ludgate Hill? Lud is the name of a mythical king of Britain.

The legend has it that this Lud laid the foundation of London. Shakespeare preserves his memory in "Cymbeline:" "And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads." This strong gate in the western part of the city is far enough removed from the west and is one of the busiest streets in the world.

Bishopsgate—the bishop gate; Aldgate—the old gate; Newgate—the new gate, all tell the same story. The "gates" are found in the innermost recesses of the city. The real entrances to the city are many miles away.

And what a higgledy-piggledy business it is! Boxes of brick and stone, in bewildering squares and parallelograms and shapeless shapes of every fashion, stretch away into dim distance, to straggle, to jostle, or to decay, as fate or fortune wills. There is not a city of any age in all Europe, now touched by the progressive spirit, which has not been for the last 30 years or will not be for the next 30 engaged in the titanic task of widening its old streets and constructing new ones.

But at what cost must the men and women of an unwalled and ungated city today make the place of their habitation habitable!

ADVANCE IN CITY LIGHTING

Hanging Arc Lamps so Installed That They Add to Instead of Detracting From Appearance.

Many of the old installations of hanging arc lamps are even uglier than the incandescents. The old arcs are usually suspended above the street on a tangle of wires and cables where they glare and sputter the long night through. But modern engineering and modern love of the beautiful, as well as the utility of a lighting system, have changed all this. The new systems of arc lighting are nothing like the old. The lamps are not hung above the street but crown the tops of ornamental standards placed alternately up and down the street. There are no hanging wires in sight, no sharp points of light to dazzle the eyes, no flicker and sputter. Instead of sharp, penetrating rays of bluish light the new luminous arc lamps give a flood of soft, white light which is many times more efficient and more economical than the light from the old lamps. The wire and cables are all underground, where they are safe and do not mar the natural beauty of the street. Shade trees do not have to be cut down or trimmed until they die.

Hints on Concrete Road Building.

Sprinkling the wearing surface of concrete roads during the construction period must be practically continuous on hot days unless there is some moisture-retaining medium present. Recent observations of a number of pieces of road construction, on which contractors new to the work were engaged, indicate that the inspector is having his hands full in getting the "wetting-down" specifications properly adhered to. Where earth is available a generous layer thrown on makes an excellent cover and holds water well. Some careful road builders in the West, recognizing the value of curing concrete under water, have made earth dams along the edges of concrete roads and divided the road longitudinally into a series of pools.—Engineering Record.

Boy Scouts Guarding Trees.

Philadelphia boy scouts are doing yeoman service in guarding the trees of the city from the caterpillar pest and other harm for which laws can be enforced to prevent mischief to forests and trees. The same plan is also being carried on in Burlington, Vt. It is an excellent idea to enlist the services of the boys in these preservative methods and teach them by this means to love and care for the trees, which the average city boy only enjoys for shade or as a convenient object from which to obtain a stick.

No Cause for Interference.

However brave the policemen are, they are careful about not breaking the laws and ordinances. A patrolman was kicking his feet down on the lake front in Chicago, so a story runs, when an excited citizen ran up to him and cried: "Say, hurry up! A man has just jumped off the pier!"

"With his clothes on?" asked the officer.

"Yes—fully dressed. Hurry!"

"What do you want me to do? There ain't no ordinance against a man swimmin' as long as he's properly dressed."

Seek to Set Good Example.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of the odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his example, that rolls away from him, and goes beyond his ken on its perilous mission.—H. W. Beecher.

Difficulties of Astronomy.

"Is it hard to learn the use of a telescope?" asked the student. "Not very," replied the candid professor. "The hardest thing about astronomy in guessing what something is after you manage to see it."